

Way to Amazonia 14

While the two lovers were swimming and teasing each other in the river, the other dykes lingered on the beach. The eurosapphists reminisced about the women who's voices had been silent for some time. Dutch Judith, English Stephany, Finnish Hanna, American Bunny.... Were they still there and only lurking in the folds of Sappho's dress?

Suddenly the chief appeared on the beach. She talked urgently to one of her tribeswomen and pointed towards the water. A sharp cry startled all the dykes on the beach and to their horror they saw one of the lovers disappear into the suddenly foaming river. Coming up once more with a frantic waving of arms, trying to grab her lover, hanging on for dear life, she finally vanished under surface. Just a few bubbles floating down stream were an indication of what had happened only seconds before. Highstepping, the other woman ran out of the water tearing at her hair, shouting and screaming hysterical. She was caught by one of her tribe and led away in the direction of the village. The eurosapphic dykes were dumbstruck, they looked at each other, at the chief, at the other dykes. What had happened?

The chief started to speak. Some time ago they had seen strange movements in the river. When they had tried to find out what it was, one of the women had been caught by the strange creature and was never seen again. They had tried to find out more about the creature and discovered that it was a sort of mermaid. Her upper body was that of a woman, and a beautiful woman at that. But from her hips down she was a fish, with a long tail. The chief had tried to observe her for sometime and finally came to the conclusion that the mermaid had been a normal woman but was changed by some illness into this form. From then on they had kept someone on the lookout whenever they bathed.

It appeared that the mermaid was attracted by the scent of women making love. More often than not, she could be found lurking just under the surface of the water, rising her head at the first moan, swaying her strong tail, splashing wildly and crying out at the climax. It was best to wash yourself ashore and not in the river after a passionate intermezzo. How could the two lovers have been so stupid?

The chief and the elders had held a conference about the More-maid, as they had baptised her. They had come to the conclusion that she was sent to this particular spot to threaten the dykes and make them flee. It was not at all impossible that the poor More-maid was infected on purpose with a virus that had changed her into this unhappy creature so she could infect the tribe as well. Wasn't this the usual strategy? Deny a woman her sexual identity, and a way to express it, while she still craves for it.

`You mean...,' some of the eurosappho dykes stammered. `Yes!', the chief answered vehemently, `this woman is unable to have sex since she has a fishtail where her sexual organs should be, they are no longer reachable for herself nor for others. But she still has the need for sex and is desperate to get her share one way or the other. This need is accumulating with every day that passes and with every satisfied woman she sees... or smells.'

The women were startled by a loud retching sound. When they turned around they saw a very very very pale woman stumble from behind a tree. Her partner ran towards her and supported her when she led her back to the beach and sat her down, saying: `There, there.' She looked very sick indeed. `You mean to say this can be catching?' she asked with a trembling voice. The chief nodded her head.

Someone cried out: `But we have the genie! Can't she help us here?' With hope in her eyes the chief turned to Jane H. and her genie. But the genie sadly shook her head. `I am afraid my powers are not waterproof. You have to get her out of the river first. Then I can try to cure her, maybe even find back the two women who disappeared.'

`But getting her out of the water is a dangerous thing!' someone said. `Maybe if we let someone go in who didn't have sex for a long time? Maybe she isn't interested in her then?' someone else suggested.

Inquisitively the women looked at each other, who would volunteer for **that**? The danger was one thing, but no sex.....

`And how can we get her out? I mean, who can swim so well? We all have seen that she is too strong for one woman. And she has a fishtail, she can swim faster than any of us!' ricki said `Well, we have enough Finns,' Marlies answered irrationally. All women stared at her and she turned scarlet. `Maybe if we build a floating pad,' she tried to correct her mistake. Brows were frowned as she turned purple. ricki, who was sitting next to her whispered in her ear: `Floating **raft**, a **raft** you mean!'

`Yeah, yeah,' Marlies muttered, `with wings'.

